

And Then He Kissed Me

by Ghostwriter

Category: Chicago Fire

Language: English

Characters: J. Cruz, S. Brett

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-12 16:49:55

Updated: 2016-04-12 16:49:55

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:14:07

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 528

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Sylvie gets ready for a date with Joe.

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AUTHOR'S NOTE/DISCLAIMER

A Sylvie/Joe one-shot because I love these two together. The scene is inspired by the opener of "Adventures In Babysitting" which belongs to Touchstone Pictures. Chicago Fire belongs to NBC.

Dancing in time with the Crystals song "And Then He Kissed Me", Sylvie went to her closet and took out the new dress and put it on, singing along with the song. The dress was green with a lacy design on the trim and stopped at just above her knees: the perfect combination of sexy and modest. _Joe is going to love it_, she thought to herself. Yes, Joe was more content to just stay home and cuddle on the couch while watching a game, but once he had learned that she was starting to feel a little cooped up, he had suggested them going out once or twice a week so that she could get the nightlife she had started to crave after moving to Chicago. And she loved him for that. _He's so different from Harrison_, she thought to herself. Harrison had tried to control her and had always cut her down, which was why she had called off the wedding. No way was she going to become tied down to a jerk like that! But Joeâ€|he was sweet, considerate, charming, encouragingâ€|she loved it.

"He kissed me in a way that I've never been kissed before. He kissed me in a way that I wanna be kissed forevermore," she sang along with the song as she teased her hair so that it curled around her face in curled ringlets, putting a light amount of hairspray on it to keep it in place. Then, she put on a small red heart necklace and a pair of red heart earrings. _So excited. Can't wait_, she thought to herself, letting out a small squeal. It had been quite a while since she had been this excited about a date. And it was all thanks to Joe. Hearing

the doorbell ring, she gave herself one last look and then went to the door and opened it to see him Joe wearing a black suit, holding a bouquet of yellow flowers. "Hey," she greeted, smiling widely.

"Hey. You look gorgeous," he said, giving her the bouquet.

"Thanks," she said, taking them. "Yellow roses. My favorite," she smiled. Yes, she was well aware that yellow flowers traditionally meant friendship and nothing more, but her favorite color was yellow and roses were her favorite flower. So Joe giving her yellow roses spoke of how much he loved her. It was just another way he was completely different than Harrison, who always insisted on giving her red roses when he knew that she preferred yellow.

"I know," he grinned. "Are you ready to go?"

"Almost. Just let me put these in water and grab my purse."

"No rush." She smiled as she went back inside to put the roses in a vase and then grabbing her purse off of the coffee table. She locked the front door behind her and walked with him to the car. Then, with the moon shining brightly above them, he kissed her.

End
file.